sily. She lay in bed at her home, 269 venue A, and read "Of the Imitation of hrist," by Thomas à Kempis, while Mrs. rown, a practical, hard working woman, ho has been puzzel all Christine's life the little girl's rapt interest in religious atters, told Christine's story, her eyes instantly on the serious face bent over

d à Kempis's book. "I never did know what to make of hrissy," said the Mother. "She never as like any of my family, all sensible lks who went to church twice of a Sunay, but who never let their religion get on them, so to speak. Maybe she gets or leanings from one of her father's peoe, who was a circuit rider in the West pout fifty years ago. He was pretty uch of a preacher, too, they say, with most sincere belief in hell fire and damation and all those things that ministers light on these days. It's kind of curious. nt Chrissy looks like the old circuit

der, too ", Mrs. Brown exhibited with some pride ancient daguerrotype of a tall, lean, ark man with features hard as iron and eep set eyes that fairly burned in the ded, yellow picture.

"That child," she continued, "has never sken a bit of interest in anything but unday schools, churches, saints, oldshioned religious books and things that rdinary children are glad to keep as far way from as possible. Just take a look t Christine's library now."

She pointed to a revolving bookcase Fox's Book of Martyrs," "Abide in Christ," Pilgrim's Progress," "Chronicles of the chönberg-Cotta Family," a half dozen ooks of sermons by Spurgeon, Beecher nd other famous divines, three or four ooks of hymns and a Bible so worn and numbed that its ancient covers were on ne point of falling away from its tattered aves, made up part of Christine's library. here was also Disraeli's "Coningsby, very old edition of "Paul Clifford," a comlete set of Addison, the poems of Alexander ope, Charles Reade's works with "It Is ever Too Late to Mend" in a conspicuous lace and two histories, one of Catholicism nd the other of Protestantism. There as also a biography of Martin Luther. bout the only books in the lot that savored the ordinary little girl were "Alice in onderland" and "Through the Looking

"You see I never objected to the child's mny tastes," said the mother, "even when he used to run off to go to Sunday school hen she was four years old, or used to oil her eyes by reading church books lamplight until 2 or 3 o'clock in the y lamplight until 2 or 3 o'clock in the forming. Her health has never been good, ut you see we all have to work in this amily and when Christine got to be 16, is year, I thought she ought to learn trade of some kind to do her part. I to ther placed in the Manhattan Trades chool to learn pasting and labelling. I lidn't want her to learn sewing. The Lord help any woman that has to make her living with the needle.

"Before that I had taught Chrissy to help me with my work." Mrs. Brown showed that work with much pride. She colors book illustrations for a publishing house at three-quarters of a cent a page. By work-

hree-quarters of a cent a page. By working very hard ten hours a day and coloring in incredible number of illustrations she can so retimes make 60 cents.

"Well, do you know that while she took to the work like a duck to water, and showed a lot of artistic ability. I couldn't get her

a lot of artistic ability, I couldn't get her to touch a picture that was not about some religious subject. If it was a picture of the Crucifixion, or of martyrs fighting heasts in a Roman arena, or a Madonna, or anything of that kind, why Chrissy would turn, out things that made the publishers open their eyes. But other pictures she wouldn't touch. Then I showed her how to make ornamental baskets of colored reeds. She used to sell them and send her money to missionary societies for the relief of the heathen, although the Lord knows the child needed it badly enough herself. But there again she wasn't like other children. She didn't care a bit for pretty things, the ribbons and bows and other children. She didn't care a bit for pretty things, the ribbons and bows and pretty clothes that girls usually are crazy about. She thought it wasn't right to wear anything but black and white, and the plainest things. I did get her to buy a red hat not long ago. It was the only bit of color I ever knew her to wear. Why that child has opened books and showed me in black and white where religious folks dead and gone a hundred years had said that it was a sin to wear anything that caught the eye too strongly.

was a sin to wear anything that caught the eye too strongly.

So I sent Christine to the trades school, kind of hoping that it would take some of the funny ideas out of her head. But she hated the school work and used to come home and say she didn't want to be anything but a missionary. She said she felt a call to tell the heathen in Africa about the word of God. The Lord knows I think there are enough heathen right here in New York—right here on Avenue A—if anybody wants to get busy in that line, and I told her so, but she would read to me some more out of her religious books, where some old saint had said that it was the duty of man to drop his own affairs and go to save the lost ones. Then I would quit arguing. the lest ones. Then I would quit arguing. I always knew it was no use with that kind of evidence against me. I don't believe a mother ever lived who had such a time with

her daughter.

"She heard last summer about a camp meeting in the Helderberg Mountains, somewhere near Albany. She wanted to go right off. I don't hold much by camp meetings. Sometimes they are places where young folks go to flirt and carry on, but Chrissy read me this:

"The purpose and desire is that every one."

The purpose and desire is that every one ho comes to the camp may have awakened r strengthened in her life a desire to know esus ('hrist better and so attain the greates happiness and usefulness in the

"So I took water again. What could I do with that kind of argument against me? Chrissy went to the place, the Young Woman's Camp it was called. There she met Carissy went to the place, the Young Woman's Camp it was called. There she met a very nice young woman named Miss Luey E. Jones of 32 Elk street, Albany. She just fell in love with Miss Jones and told her all about her desires to be a missionary. She said Miss Jones encouraged her, but told her to wait a while. When she came back she used to write to Miss Jones all the time, and once she wrote to Miss Jones that she couldn't wait any longer, that the spirit was calling her to run away. Miss Jones wrote back and told Chrissy not to do anything her mother and father didn't want her to do. Her mother was her best adviser, she wrote to Chrissy. Well, the child pined and fretted. She got to writing religious letters to all her friends advising them how to lead a better life. Some of those letters were really remarkable. I don't see how a child of sixteen could think of such things. She used to tell ne she was another Joan of Arc. If Joan of Arc was anything like Chrissy, I'll bet she gave her mother a lot of trouble.

"On Friday Chrissy went off to the trades school as usual. We expected her home at dinner, but she didn't come. In the evening we got a telegram from her at Peetskill, which said she had been kidnapped, but would get loose soon. Somehow, I wasn't scared, but her brothers were. Gerald told the police about it and

ESTERED MOTHER OF A SWAN

DAN OF ARC MUST HAVE BEEN A
BOTHER, MRS. BROWN THINKS.

For Chrissy is Bound to Go into All the
World and Preach the Gospel—Got
as Far as Peckskill—Heathen Enough
in Avenue A, Says Mother Brown.

Christine Brown, the girl in short dresses
ho started for Africa last Friday mornig by way of Albany to become a misonary and got as far as Peckskill, spent
aturday night in St. Gabriel's Convent
Peckskill. Her brother brought her
me last evening.

She was sure she could get an appointment
from some church that needed a woman
missionary. Well, she found that railroad
fare and eating used her money all up,
and on Saturday night she didn't have a
cent. While she was wandering the streets
in Peckskill Saturday evening she heard
about a New York man who had a house
there. He is William H. Frame, a New
York builder, and he lives in Main street,
Peckskill. Chrissy went there and told her
story to one of the servants. The servant
told Mr. Frame about Chrissy, and he bundled her right off to the St. Gabriel's convent to spend the might. Then he told the
pome last evening.

She was sure she could get an appointment
from some church that needed a woman
missionary.
Well; she found that realiroad
fare and eating used her money all up,
and on Saturday night she didn't have a
cent. While she was wandering the streets
to reckskill. Chrissy went there and told her
story to one of the servants. The servant
to one. To-day her brother Gerald went
up and fetched her home. She was tired
and siek and glad to get back, but tickled
to death that she got to spend a night in a
convent. I think she wants to be a mun
now.

She had gone, vou see, to find Miss Jones
at Albany, and then to start for Africa.

She was sure she could get an appointment
from some church that needed a woman
from some church that needed a verial.

The head on Saturday ovening a series would an eating used her money all up,
and on

now.
"She said she didn't know just why she

"She said she didn't know just why she sent me the telegram that she had been kitnapped. She was afraid, I guess, that she wouldn't have time to get away and be a missionary if she didn't fix up some story that would keep us waiting awhile."

Christine is decidedly pretty. She is about 5 feet tall, very slight in figure, with large dark eyes that look at one in a peculiar way. She is very nervous and talks rapidly, stopping so suddenly every now and then that folks who talk to her are a bit startled.

She still wants to be a missionary, but thinks she will wait a bit.

DECIMATED BY MATRIMONY. Vigorous Measures Taken to Fill Up a Greenpoint Choir.

For weeks and weeks, yes, even months, the Tabernacle congregation of Greenpoint has listened to the singing of thirty-six voices, but there was really a thirty-seventh, one cupid, who caused so much trouble that the choir fast dwindled to twenty-five. There were some members of the congregation who suspected his presence, but the truth did not come out until the following advertisement was inserted in a Saturday

paper:
WANTED—For choir of the Tabernacle
M. E. Church, Manhattan avenue, head of
Noble street, Greenpoint, sopranes, contraitos, tenors and bassos. Apply after Sunday
morning service, or address CHARLES ANSON FULLER, 205 Quincy street, Brooklyn. SON FÜLLER, 205 Quincy street, Brooklyn.

There have already been three desertions and several more are threatened. The above advertisement was inserted in preparation for any new desertions. It has been ascertained that two couples, and possibly four, are to leave the choir and raise their volces henceforth only in matrimonial felicity. Mr. Fuller could not give the names of those who had wedded or those who would be

names of those who had wedded or those who would be.

H. E. Williams of \$51 Manhattan avenue, who inserted the advertisement, said the trouble all came in the warm part of the summer and that as more vacancies seemed about to occur the only way to keep the choir from being wiped out was to get more singers immediately, so yesterday morning was set for the trial of the applicants. The immediate responses to the advertisement were rather disappointing, as few candidates appeared, and those who did come were of the gentler sex only.

"The men must have been scared off," remarked one member of the congregation.

Many of the fast dwindling choir lingered about the church and furtively eyed all who entered. A member of the choir was heard to say:

heard to say: "If those are applicants for the choir I

"If those are applicants for the choir I guess it won't be depleted quite so fast next summer."

Mr. Fuller appeared shortly afterward and seemed quite pleased with his new applicants, but refused to say whether he had piedged them to at least a year of single blessedness before accepting them.

"There's nothing unusual about all this," said he. "Other churches have the same difficulty, but under the circumstances I think I can easily fill all vacancies."

WAS BROTHER IN COLLUSION? The Newark Police Question Lawrence Oleson Sharply.

Martin Oleson, who stole the payroll, amounting to \$1.271, from the office of J. S. Mundy's engine works in Newark on Friday afternoon and shot himself in the head twice when cornered by opportune railroad detectives, was still alive portune railroad detectives, was still alive last night in St. James's Hospital, Newark. He became delirious on Saturday evening and has not regained his senses since. His wife and mother went to Newark and succeeded in seeing him late on Saturday night, the hospital rules being broken because of his critical condition. They identified him, but he did not recognize them nor respond to their efforts to arouse him.

Interest in the police station with his brother, and a handson ely dressed

visited Lawrence in the police station with his brother, and a handsomely dressed wor an wearing large diamonds.

The police have kept at Lawrence Oleson at frequent intervals, plying him with questions, but he steadfastly and consistently denies that he had any hand in the robbery or knew in advance of it. He admitted that he might have casually mentioned to Martin that Friday was pay day. He denied the use of any signal from the office window when the police asked him pointedly if there had not been some such arrangement. They felt that Friday was such an unusual pay day that Martin Oleson could not have guessed it, and it was difficult for them to understand why the visit was so well timed if there was no collusion. The money would not have been in sight if Oleson had not arrived just in the nick of time. The office was in a back room on the second floor of the building and the money could not be seen from the outer room or the stairway.

PLAIN DUTY TO A CLIENT. It's Brains That Wins Cases, Not Talk, Says Resey, Coming Up Smiling.

Rosey the lawyer appeared in the Essex Market police court yesterday as counsel for an Italian charged with assaulting a fellow countryman. The prisoner was Vincenzo Corelli and the accuser said he

was John Scoti.
"Now," said Magistrate Moss. "Just show me how this thing happened. Just imagine that the lawyer is yourself and illustrate to me how Corelli assaulted you." illustrate to me how Corelli assaulted you."

"Dis-a-way." said Scoti as he made a jump for Rosey. He grabbed Rosey by the throat with both hands and began to drag him around the bridge. Rosey gasped, but was powerless in the graep of Scoti, who to add to the realism of the scene muttered curses which Corelli is said to have uttered on the occasion.

Rosey was almost blue in the face when policemen pulled Scoti off him.

"Am I an exhibit in this case?" he finally managed to say. "The next time you want a trick like this pulled off go across the street and get Martin Engel's bulldog and practise on him."

Rosey's client declared that Scoti was the aggressor and as there were no witnessee.

the aggressor and as there were no witnesses Corelli got the benefit of the doubt and was discharged. Then Rosey smiled. "You see how much I sacrifice for a client."

he said. "By allowing myself to be choked I showed the Court what a desperate character the complainant was and got the verdict. Fine speeches don't make fine lawyers. It's brains that gets your clients off."

Martini & Rossi

Vermouth

Has educated the popular

taste to the full apprecia-

tion of the benefits of

Vermouth Drinking.

A MARTYR FOE OF TOBACCO.

HAD TO LET SMOKERS SAVE HIS

LIFE ON THE ELEVATED.

Fled From Open Car to Open Car Seeking

Smekeless Air and Finding None-Got

Off to Lecture, Got Left, Boarded

Moving Train, Fined Three Dollars.

"I am here as a martyr to the cause of

justice and progress," said Hagop Ma-

raschian, an Armenian, in the Yorkville

"Come up here and tell me about the

Maraschian went up on the bridge, where

stood J. J. Coyle, an elevated road guard,

"I am a total abstainer from alcoholic

liquors and tobacco smoking," said Maraschian. "The smoking habit is a worse

curse to the human race than drinking,

and no gentleman will defile his own person

and the surrounding air by puffing clouds

"Phe-e-ew! That's pretty strong lan-

Maraschian went on to say that the odor

of tobacco smoke was extremely offensive

to him and that he had been trying for some

time to stop smoking in the elevated cars.

He wrote to the management of the road

and he received letters in reply telling him

to submit in writing any complaints of any

violation of the rules of the company he

On Saturday night he got into an open

car of a Third avenue train bound down

town from the 129th street station. He

avoided the eight seats in the rear assigned

to smokers. A man in the seat just ahead

was puffing a cigar and the smoke blew

"He couldn't be a gentleman or he

wouldn't smoke there," went on the cru-

sader. "I called his attention to the fact

that smoking was prohibited in that seat

own business. His language convinced

me that he was no gentleman and I got

out at the next station and took another

He found more smoking in his new seat

and got out at the next station and waited

for another train with an open car. When

for another train with an open car. When he got into the next train there were still smokers in front of him, smokers to left of him, smokers to right of him and smokers in the rear. He watched them with impatience to see if the guard would stop the puffing. At Forty-seventh street he decided to remind the guard of his duty and got out on the station platform and began to lecture the railroad man,. The guard gave the go-ahead bell and closed the sliding doors of the open car and the train started. The crusader jumped on the moving train and tried to climb over one of the sliding doors. Some of the amokers grabbed him to pull him into the car and save his life in spite of his principles, and the guard signalled for the train to stop.

to stop.
"I think I saved this man's life," the

guard said to the Magistrate. "He was foolish enough to try to get into the moving train. I thought he was a lunatic and I was afraid to have him on the train so I had him arrested at Forty-second street."

had him arrested at Forty-accord street."

"This man saved you from possible injury or perhaps death. The rules of the
company permit smoking in the open cars,"
the Magistrate said to the Armenian.
It came out that the abstainer from
smoking had had more trouble when he
started for the court in the patrol wagon
from the police station yesterday morning.
Several of the prisoners smoked pipes
and a few had cigarettes. He tried to prevail on them to give up the habit but they
wouldn't promise. When he reached court
he protested against going into the box
with the offenders but there was no other
place for him.

place for him.

The Magistrate fined him \$3.

"I pay, but I pay under protest," he re-

HOODOO FOR THE SULLIVANS.

Stitch McCarthy's Buildeg Proves a Failure

as a Masoot.

Stitch McCarthy, the bowling alley man

whose proudest boast is that District At-

torney Jerome used to practice in his alleys

n Forsyth street, determined this year

to do something practical in aid of the

Florrie Sullivan Association in "de Ate: " He

"Say, Cris," he said, "youse guys hain't

"Der year dat Engel elected Issy Cohn."

continued Stitch, "he had der dog Robbery.

Now, I got der finest bulldog wot lives.

I'll give him to der club. He's a born Tammany Hall dog and hates Republicans.

Why, der other night he killed der cat in der Republican headquarters wit one shake."
Stitch delivered the dog on Saturday night and he was locked up in the Sullivan head-

and he was locked up in the suntvar head-quarters over night.

When Max Levine went to open up yes-terday afternoon he heard a terrific barking and snarling within. He opened the door cautiously, but wide enough to allow the dog to get his head through and grab Le-vine's coat, when Levine slammed the door

shut, but not until he had lost a piece of his

A conference of election district cap-tains was to have been held in the head-

quarters yesterday afternoon, but the dog held them at bay for more than two hours

while a committee was sent in seath of stitch McCarthy.

"Take that mut away from here and keep your mascots to yourself," said Sullivan.

"He's all right," said Stitch. "He must have looked out the window and saw dat have looked out the window and saw

Republican banner; dat's what got him

But Stitch had to take the dog home. When the members looked around they found that the dog had torn the seats out

of several chairs and chewed up a lot of papers on the desk, including the lists of

PUBLICATIONS.

voters of the district.

a committee was sent in search of

sought out the Hon. Christie Sullivan.

got a mascot this year, have you?

"Nary a one."

and he told me to go to hell and mind my

of noxious smoke like a locomotive.

guage," commented the Magistrate.

martyrdom," said Magistrate Breen.

police court yesterday.

who made the complaint.

observed on the trains.

in his face.

JUST PUBLISHED.

Two Books of Humor

STRENUOUS ANIMALS.

By EDWIN J. WEBSTER.

A book of humor in an entirely new vein. A series of stories of animals who are engaged in helping their masters, either accidentally or as a result of training. Among the amusing characters is "Buster," the boss bee, who was superintendent of his dear master's bee-hive until he fell from grace and was dismissed for drunkenness, but finally reformed.

With full-page illustrations by E. W. Kemble, and others. With vignettes, also, in the margins, 12mo, half cloth, \$1.

MAMMY 'MONGST THE WILD NATIONS OF EUROPE.

By RUTHELLA MORY BIBBINS.

'Mammy" is a delightful acquaintance, and, what is more, a real person of flesh and blood from "Ole Virginny." Her devotion to her baby charge impels this quaint, philosophic old darky to leave the shelter of the Virginia plantation and accompany her mistress into the lion's den-" 'mongst de wil' nations ob Europe."

Equipped with the wiedom of her two classics, the Bible and "Mother Goose," Mammy compares Old World with New in a shrewd dictum as refreshing as it is original.

12mo. Cloth. With eight illustrations. \$1.25. FOR SALE EVERYWHERE

FREDERICK A. STOKES COMPANY.

KATE OF KATE HALL

Kate, this "Superdainty Kate, the Bonniest Kate in Christendom," is the latest creation by the author of "Concerning Isabel Carnaby,"-ELLEN THORNEYCROFT FOWLER. Kate plays with Petruchio, and burns her fingers. Kate will not marry; she wants no man, and when all is said and done Kate finds herself married to the one Petruchio she really wants.

> D. APPLETON AND COMPANY, Publishers, New York.

LIVE TOPICS ABOUT TOWN.

After Commissioner McAdoo has settled other important questions of traffic he will confer a favor on Fifth avenue pedestrians if he turns his attention to the Fortyourth street corner of the avenue. There hansome in search of fares cruise from all of the large restaurants to another with the leisurely gait of the unemployed cabby. No stress of traffic hurries them up. Pedestrians are compelled to await the pleasure of the cabbles before they are able to cross and the situation at lunch and dinner time is even more dangerous than inconverient. It is naturally at its worst on Saturday, when the streets are almost impassable from the number of

"Pop" Dexter, a free lance campaign orator, is in his glory in these days. When he wants to make a speech, and that feeling strikes him several times a day as election draws near, he does not go to a hall. He does all his speechmaking in the street, and Broadway is his happy stamping ground.

Dexter does not talk politics because he gains anything by it—in which respect he is different from most spellbinders.

He talks because he likes to be surrounded

by a crowd. Just at present he is whooping it up for President Roosevelt, but he

week.

Dexter is great fun to the Broadway pedestrians. The only persons who have a particular grudge against him are the cops. They declare that he is an infernal nuisance, who becomes a disorderly person by gathering a crowd. For this offense he landed in a cell on Saturday night, but he was back on Broadway vesterday afternoon making stump speeches.

He was once a contractor and has money still. He wears a silk hat and frock coat, and looks so prosperous at all times that it is easy for him to gather a crowd.

The extent to which specialization has gone in New York was shown a few weeks ago when a large uptown office building was put up exclusively for doctors. Now was put up exclusively for doctors. Now a building had just been completed for the occupancy of dentists. The agent announces, with apparent confidence in his ability to find all the tenants he wants, that none but dentists will be received. He has already had applications from enough to occupy half the apartments in the building.

Whenever a woman who would not possibly be able to attract attention under ordinary circumstances grows weary of her insignificance nowadays she merely has to get hold of a case and walk down has to get noid of a case and wait down Fifth avenue or Broadway. Then she is certain to be stared at. Not a day passes without some such apparition in the uptown streets. The bearer of the cane is invari-ably some woman who would escape all notice in the crowd but for her walking

Many of the vast army of motormen and conductors are not hankering after a job on the subway. The reason for this was set forth by a conductor on a surface car:

"That'll be a dead hole. I don't want to
look at tiled walls all day. I want something to see. I can see fights every now
and then on this car or see a man being
kicked out of a saloon or a fellow getting
arrested or a runaway. But down there
you won't be able to see anything for trip
you won't be able to see anything for trip after trip and for month after month. The novelty Il soon wear off."

PUBLICATIONS.

AMUSEMENTS.

ME. LOUDON G. CHARLTON ARROUNCES.
MENOELSSOHN HALLOCT. H. NOV. S. 21, 26,
MER. Bispham Seng Cycles
Tets. Season, 85, 85; Single, 81, 81, 86, at Disson's. CARNEGIE HALL NOVEMBER 10, AFTERNOON ALELS JOHANNA CADSKI PIRST N. 1
JOHANNA CADSKI PIRST N. 1
50c. to \$2, Boxes \$12,\$18, at Dison's 4 Box Office

PASTOR'S CONTINUOUS. ED LATELL, PRENTICE TRIO-Others.

STAR Lex. Av., 107th. Matinee To-day
No WEDDING BELLS
FOR HEE. Manhallan B'way & seed St. Eyes & MRS. FISKE | BECKY SHARP Irving Place Theatre. Evenings at 8:20.
To-night, Last Time. se ich dir!
Tuesday, First Time, "Wirrwarr" (Confusion).

GRAND Thomas SNEA To night Br. Jokyli

WILL SUE LABOR UNIONS. Boycotted National Guard Officer in California to Begin Action.

SAN DIEGO, Cal., Oct. 23.-Lieut. C. T. Tichborne, who was suspended from the Plumbers' Union because he refused to give up his commission in the National Guard, is prepared to begin action for damages against those who have prevented him from gaining a livelihood because of his patriotism.

Tichborne applied for work at each of the plumbing shops in the city and was turned down in all of them. He went to each of the shops and secured the signatures of master plumbers to this state-

ment:
 "This certifies that Charles T. Tichborne
applied to me in October, 1904, for employment as a plumber. I have refused to employ bim for the reason that he has been
expelled from Local Union No. 280, United Association of Journeymen Plumbers, and by reason of the law of the said union they are not permitted to work in a shop with Tichborne. I consider Tichborne a good workman and would willingly give him employment but for the action of said union."

BLAZE IN JERSEY CITY. Barrel Repair Shop in Greene Street Destroyed.

John J. O'Connor's barrel repair shop, in Greene street, between First and Second streets, Jersey City, was destroyed by fire last night. The plant embraced a series of one and two story frame sheds, all of which were stocked with empty oil barrels. The barrels burned briskly and the fames shot high. Three alarms were sent in. A carpenter shop, owned by the Pennsylvinia. vania Railroad, adjoining the plant was badly damaged.

Mr. O'Connor repaired oil barrels for

Mr. O'Connor repaired oil barrels for the Standard Oil Company and did an ex-tensive business. The loss was estimated at \$25,000.

PUBLICATIONS.

AMUSEMENTS.

EMPIRE THEATRE, 40th St. & Broadway, JOHN DREW THE DUKE OF KILLICIRANKIE. LYCEUM B'way & 46th St. At 8:15.
Matinees Thurs. & Sat. 2.
MRS. GILBERT
In "GRANNY". By Clyde Fitch
HERALD SO. THEATRE, 35th St. & B'way.

EDNA MAY SCHOOL GIBL. DALY'S B'way & 30th. Beginning 7:55. CINGALEE

KNICKERBOCKER, B'way & 38th St. Evenings 8 sharp. Matthee Saturday 2. E. H. SOTHERN—JULIA MARLOWE LAST WREE ROMEO & JULIET Nat. Wk. MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING Seat Sale Opens Thursday, 9 A. M.

CARRICK THEATRE, 35th St., near B'way. Evgs. 8:16. Mats. Wed. & Sat. HENRY MILLER JOSEPH THE RESTAURT OF THE STAURT OF THE STAUR SAVSY THEATRE, 34th St. near Broadway. WIGGS THE CABBAGE PATCH CRITERION THEATRE, 44th St. & B'way.

WM. H. CRANE BUSINESS IS HUDSON THEATHE, 64th St., near B'way. WM. FAVERSHAM | Letty

CARNEGIE HALL

Boston Symphony Orchestra Five Evening Concerts. Thursdays, Nov. 8, Dec. Jan. 12, Feb. 16, March 16. Mr. Gericke Muriel Foster Five Matinees. Edith Walker

aturdays, Nov. 5, Dec. 16 Jan. 14, Feb. 18, March 18. D' Albert De Pachmann Change of Programme Each Performance. Joseffy Schelling

Season tickets with reserved seats for the series of five evening concerts or five mat-tness \$7.50, 26, 28, and \$8 Boxes \$50 and \$40, according Ysave Kreisler Subscription sale now open at Carnegie Hall box office and at Ditson's, 867 Broad-way. Marie Nicho/s Willy Hess

NEW AMSTERDAM Kiaw & Erlanger Managers. Evga. 8:15.

"A Great
Triumph."

Charles Frohman procests
THE SORCERESS
THE SORCERESS

"ATRICK CAMPBELL.

as "ZORAYA." Mat. SATURDAY. LIBERTY THEATRE, on 42d Street. To-night E20. ROGERS BROTHERS IN PARIS Last 2 Weeks. NEW YORK THEATRE, Last 6 Times.

Bargain DENMAN TROMPSON
Mat. Wed. THE OLD HOMESTEAD.

SEAT | Commencing Monday, Oct. 31, Mr. HENRY W. SAVAGE Offers SALE PARSIFAL MOTOW (in English). Prices 1.00, 2.76, 3.00 Eves., Curtain at 8:30. 2nd Act, Curtain at 8:30. Carriages at 11.

Princess Charles Hawtray A. Message Charles Hawtray A. Message Thurs. Mat. Best Seats \$1.50 LYRIC Sid, near B'way. Bygs. 8:15
Mais. Wed. & Sat. Last 2 weeks.
OTIS SKINNER HARVESTER SUBSCRIPTION SALE FOR INITIAL Performances During First 3 Weeks of R E J A NE NOW PROGRESSING, REGULAR SALE FOR SINGLE PERFORMANCES BEGINS TUESDAY, NOV. 1st. ORDERS FILED IN ORDER RECEIVED.

CASINO Broadway & 39th St.
Evgs. 8:20. Mat. Wod. & Sat.
224th Time of F. C. WHITNEY'S PIFF, PAFF, POUF.

CHINATOWN and BOWERY BY NICHT in the SEEING NEW YORK AUTOMOBILES. The odd sights of the famous and historic section, including admission to Chinese Opers House, an Oriental Disser, and all expenses. Round keip, \$2.00. Only attring point, FIFTM AVE. SIDE FLATTRON BUILDING. 8:39 P. M.

Wallack's The Korean Comic Opera, THE Eyes. 8:20. SHO-GUN By Geo. Ade and Sal. Gustav Luders Gardes, 27, Mad. Av. Maus. Wed. & Sat. Ev. 8:70 Geo. Ade's New GULLEGE WIDOW Comedy. The GULLEGE WIDOW

PASTOR

CARNEGIE HALL CHARLES
WACNER
Music: Kampton Singers
de and Differs.

THE DEWEY LADIES' MAT. TO-DAY.
Brigadier Burisseguers.
Edmund Hayes, A Wise Guy.

THE GOTHAM LADIES' MAT. TO-DAY.
BUNAWAY GELS.

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French
To-night 8:16, Tuca. Eve., Wed. Mat
"La Benle"; Wed. & Thure. Eve
"Denies"; Fri. Eve. & Sat. Mat. "Le
Mattre de Forges"; Sat. Eve.
"L'Abbe Constantin."

GEO. EVANS. MAGIC KETTLE,
GAUSCH SISTERS, 4 HUNTINGS, MIDGE
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PUBLICATIONS

Harper's Book News

The Masquerader

Most of you who read this have never heard the name of Katherine Cecil Thurston. But the name is going to become well known-very well known. Why? Because she is a born story teller, and there is no way of keeping that kind of thing quiet. Good novels, very good novels, get printed and go their way, but a good story-that is another matter. And it is the story of a strong man, a strong woman who dared to live their own lives. The book has been out only ten days and already

The bookstores have sold out. A new big edition has gone to press.

It is already being made into a play in England and into a different play in Amer-Requests have been received for translation into French and German.

The publishers rather expected wide interest in the book. but not quite so sudden an attack upon the supply.

Thus far-and this is unusual -every single review has been not only good, but almost feverishly enthusiastic.

The Georgians

There is a vigor and freshness about the American types in Will N. Harben's new story of Georgian life. It is a typical American novel of the best class. Mr. Harben has given us a perfect picture of life in Georgia, as the Southern critics have remarked. Abner Daniel, who reappears in the story, is eccentric, quaint and real.

Vergilius

Nathan B. Wood, President of the Newton Theological Institution, Newton Centre, Mass., says of Irving Bacheller's new novel:

"I read Vergilius through at a sitting, which speaks much for its fascinating quality. It seems to me a singularly clean and elevating story. I am sure it will do

The Memoirs of a Baby

Biographies are often dull reading, but Josephine Dodge Daskam's biography of a baby is enlivening and full of wit. A humorous light is thrown upon the baby's elders, and the youngster himself is drawn with the rare felicity that has made this author famous. The pictures by Fanny Y. Cory rival the text in interest.

The Russian Advance

What are Japan and Russia really fighting about? To answer that question one must understand Russian policy, and the best way to do that is to read this absorbing book by Senator Albert J. Beveridge, which has become a recognized authority on the Eastern question.

The Flower of Youth Mr. Roy Rolfe Gilson is the successor -not imitator-of Ik Marvel. Critics agree that "The Flower of Youth" is even better than its predecessors in quains sentiment and delightful remisiscence.

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